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CUPID'S ARROW.¹

Of a rich noble of late we do hear,
 Who had one only daughter, most beautiful and fair,
 And she being admired, this beautiful child,
 Until by Cupid's arrow her love did be beguiled.

Her father being dead, one day for her ease
 Went out to view her workmen and rode in a chaise ;
 A handsome young plow-boy she saw standing by,
 And with rapture upon him she fixed her eye.

A flame in her bosom straightway there did glow,
 All for to view his beauty to the fields she did go,
 Where he whistled so sweet caused the valley to ring,
 And his cheeks were like roses that bloom in the spring.

She said : " Noble plow-boy, come join our parade,
 Be dressed like a soldier and wear a cockade ;
 No longer at home for to plow nor to sow,
 But away for a soldier with me you must go.

You 're proper and handsome, more fitting to shine
 With lace cap and feather and scarlet so fine,
 So you must go along with me and your captain I will be,
 And a lady will court you of noble degree."

Then close in a room this young man was confined
 Till she altered her clothing and told to him her mind,
 He enfolded her in his arms, and he solemnly swore,
 That the captain of love he would always adore.

Then down to the church this young couple went,
 And joined their hands with mutual consent ;
 Oh how happy the plow-boy when changed was he,
 From a poor man's estate a rich noble to be.

Mrs. R. F. Herrick.

EUREKA, CAL.

¹ This traditional song was brought to America from England by Christopher Gist, who came over with Leonard Calvert and settled in Baltimore. It has been preserved by his descendants, of whom the contributor is one.